From the Saturday Evening Post.

WESTWARD HO!—From the pen of the inimitable Paulding, we have another American novel, under the title of Westward Ho! which appears to be well calculated to advance the reputation of this favorite author. It is a *national* novel, combining, according to the intention of the author, an important moral, with the interest of a series of incidents, and sketches of scenery, character, manners and modes of thought and expression, such as he knows or imagines to exist; or have existed in particular portions of the United States. The New York Evening Post thinks it will stand at the head of Mr. Paulding's productions. It contains a great variety of scenery and character, and the mere story possesses more interest than that of the Dutchman's Fireside. The idea upon which it is founded—the love of an ingenuous, unsophisticated, but intelligent and well educated young lady, for a gifted youth, whose mind labors under the weight of a dark presentiment that he shall lose his reason—who actually, after a time, does become a lunatic—and who is at length restored to health and sanity, by the devoted attentions of constant, delicate, and unwavering affection—this idea is highly novel in itself, and susceptible, as the author has abundantly shown, of being so wrought up as to produce thrilling effect upon the reader. The character of Mrs. Dangerfield the mother of the heroine, is exceedingly well managed. The two Pompeys, both Pompey the Great and Pompey the Little, are quite diverting. Mr. Littlejohn is well drawn and well sustained, & Mr. Bushfield is made to utter Kentuckyisms with great volubility. On the whole, we should certainly consider "Westward Ho!" one of the very best, of Mr. Paulding's fictitious histories.

The following extract will remind the reader, if he has witnessed the play of the Lion of the West, of some of Wildfire's eccentricities. We take it from volume first.

"Whoop!" exclaimed a voice without, which they all recognized as that of Bushfield.

"Come in, come in," said the colonel.

"Come in! why, ain't I in?" exclaimed he, as he entered in a great flurry, and seated himself.—"What a race I've had. I'll be goy blamed if I haven't bin trying to catch this squirrel—a fair chase, and no favours asked. There we were at rip *and* tuck, up one tree and down another. He led me a dance all the way from kingdom come till I got just by the village here; and what do you think? I had to shoot the trifling cretur after all. He got up on the highest tree *prehaps* you ever *did* see; so I let him have it, just for being so obstinate."

"An excellent shot," said the colonel; "you've hit him in the eye, I see."

"O no, it isn't, but I was mad; no, no, it's a disgraceful shot—what I call a full huckleberry below a persimmon; for when I want the skin of one of these fellers, I always shoot a *leetle* before his nose, and then the wind of the ball takes the varmint's breath clean away, and I don't hurt the fur."

"You must have had some practice," said Rainsford.

"I'll be goy blamed if you wouldn't think so if you only knew me as well as I know my old rifle."

"I should like to go out with you one of these times, if there is good sport in your part of the world."

"I don't know what *you* call good sport," cried Bushfield, who had now got on his hobby, "but I partly conceit if you had been with me one day last fall you'd have thought so. I saw a deer and its fawn across a creek the other side of the mountain, and I wasn't altogether slow in letting fly, I tell you. The ball ranged them both. I had to wade through the creek *and* I found the ball had entered in a hollow tree, after going right clean through the two deer, where there was a hive of honey, *and* the honey was running away like all natur; so I stooped down to pick up something to stop it, when I put my hand on a rabbit hid under a great toadstool. But somehow or other, coming across the creek, my trousers had got so full of fish, that one of the buttons burst clean off, *and* I will agree to be eternally derned if it didn't hit a wild turkey right in the left eye. Whoop! *ain't* I a horse?"

"A whole team, I should think," said Rainsford, highly amused with the eccentric rhodomontade of the woodman. Virginia happening at this moment to enter, he addressed her with a good-humored kind of audacity,—

"You neat little varmint, have you got any thing for supper? for may I be lost in a canebrake, as I once was when I first came to these parts, if I ain't transcendently hungry. I could eat like all wrath."

Supper was brought in, and Bushfield made "a most transcendent supper." The company continued sitting round the table enjoying this little social meal, which was once the evening tattoo that brought all the family together, but which is now elbowed out of the circle of domestic economy into drawing-rooms and saloons, and might rather be called the morning breakfast than the evening supper. Virginia, who had a mischievous little female relish for humour, & who could enter into that of Bushfield, which, indeed, though odd and extravagant, had nothing in it partaking of vulgarity, took occasion to question him as to the particulars of the story of his being lost in the cane-brake to which he had alluded.

"Well, I know you want to have a laugh at me; but howsomever, I don't so much mind being laughed at by a woman, and so I'll tell you the story for all that; and you may laugh any how, as you're not a man. I was out after a bear that had been about my hut several nights and he led me such a dance! I was'nt such a keen hand at finding my way then, and at last I got into a cane-brake along the river, where the canes stood so thick, I wish I may be shot if you could put the leetle eend of a small needle between them without spectacles. Well, I was ripping and tearing away to get out, but only got deeper and deeper into the plaguy place; when all at once I heard the quearest noise I ever came across in all my days, though I've heard a pretty considerable variety, and I then thought I knew all the notes of the varmints, from the growl of the bear to the screech of the panther. But I could make nothing of this, and began to keep a sharp look out, which was hardly worth while, for I could'nt see to the eend of my eyelashes, the canes were so transcendent close together. Well, I cut *and* slashed about, and every now and then heard the queer noise; at last it was so close to me, that I pricked my ears and cocked my gun, to be ready to take keer of myself in case of risk. Well, as I kept on ripping and tearing about, at last I came smack on the drollest looking thing, perhaps, you ever laid your eyes on. It sat all in a heap like the feller that found sixpence a penny in a place, with its head down below its shoulders, and its hair all hanging about like the beard of a buffalo bull. 'Whoop!' said I; and the varmint raised its head, when I wish I may be shot if it didn't turn out a real he Ingen."

Humanity Disgraced.—What savages, what detestable savages, do we read of in the following narrative; surely they seem to have forgotten that there is justice on earth and vengeance in heaven.

From the Chester County Democrat.

An affair of a very interesting nature, lately occurred near our borough, which has occasioned a great excitement.

An old man with his family had long since emigrated from a distance and settled in this neighborhood. His appearance was such as to recommend him to regard. He had evidently seen better days, and the kind benevolent expression of his countenance, mixed with an air of reverence and paternal feeling, gained him the good will of every unbiased mind. His deportment and conversation were such as to confirm these favorable sentiments. Dignified in his demeanor, and ennobled by the simplicity and virtues of his character, wherever he went he was esteemed no less for the extended charity of his disposition, than the soundness of his judgment, and the generous ardour of his patriotism.

It is well known that some months since, a pestilence broke out in the interior part of the state of New York. It is reported that a man had died there under very extraordinary circumstances, by the effect, as is alledged, of some secret miasma. A person in New York, residing in the infected district, and having the same name with the stranger who had come among us, was said to be a near relative of the old man. It was whispered that the stranger had lately been on, to visit this kinsman. Although the old man had now been with us a long time; and not the slightest trace could be discovered of unhealthiness in himself or family, yet a prejudice was excited against him. In vain he urged that a radical difference existed between him & his kinsman in New York and that no intercourse had lately been had between them. So great was the panic created by the dread of contagion, that the people forbid them their houses. As means to expel him altogether from the neighberhood they threatened their severest anger against whoever should receive him.

We grieve to say that this intollerant and bigotted proscription had its effect; and that, ere long, this venerable old man, with his large family, who were dependent on him, were driven shelterless from every roof—they wandered lonely, friendless, and outcast, with none to pity them, and none to offer them a shelter from the burning heat or the night air.

How long human nature could have sustained itself under these privations we know not.—But already the strength of the family was fast failing, and the cheek of the venerable patriarch was sunken and pale, when relief came from a quarter the least expected.

An humble mechanic, (with pleasure we mention his occupation, it was that of a shoemaker) by chance was passing that way, and seeing the deplorable condition of the family, as they lay by the road side, he invited them to his house. He was apprised of the danger he incurred if he received them, nay he knew he was enjoined not only to show them no favor, but to be active in persecuting them; but his justice and character triumphed over selfish considerations: Bound to them by no kindred blood and associated by no kindred vow, he yet opened his door to them, and kindly bid them enter.

Dearly, indeed, did he purchase the pleasure of doing good! His friends forsook him; his customers deserted him; his creditors put their demands in suit. Every means were essayed to compel him to drive the stranger from his roof. But he repented not. He was a kind hearted, conscientious man, and he prefered the dictates of an approving mind, to all the plaudits of the world.

But now how shall we tell what remains of the story? willingly would we blot it out, but, as faithful journalists we must record it, though every word strikes us to the heart.

The populace seeing they could not prevail on the worthy shoemaker to turn the family from his doors now used their endeavors to prevail on the family to become traitors to their benefactor.—We will not mention the bribes they offered, nor the unnatural arguments they employed.—But words cannot express the abhorence and loathing of the old man & the principal part of his family, when the proposals were made. Would to God we could say that such were the sentiments of the whole family! But good and bad are mixed with every society, and even the deciples had their betrayer.

A few members of the family, (we spare the mention of their names, as the affair will be brought before a legal tribunal) fired by the rewards offered to their ambition and avarice, fell into the snare. At the dead of night, while the rest of the household were locked in deep sleep, these treacherous ingrates undid the bars of the door. Instantly a tumultuous crowd rushed in. Alas! how can we describe the scene that followed. The unhappy owner of the house was cruelly struck down and killed, as he vainly strove to preserve the lives of the aged stranger and his family. The incendiaries, in retiring, set fire to the dwelling, that they might effectually destroy, (in their own language) every trace of the *infection*.

What a lamentable sight presented itself the next day. You might see the bones of the miserable victims, blackened by the smoke of the smouldering ruins, and lying exposed to the public gaze. A different crowd had now assembled around them.

We rejoice to say that the principal authors in this atrocious violence have been arrested and are awaiting their public trial. It is not the first instance wherein selfishness, in these trying times, has obliterated justice and destroyed the best sensibilities of the heart.

A Kentucky Trick.—The Kentucky horse Snow Ball was lately advertised to run a race of a thousand yards against any horse in the Union for $1,000 aside, on the Central Course Baltimore. The challenge was accepted by the owner of the Maryland mare Arietta.—When the Kentuckians appeared on the ground Snowball was apparently suffering from lameness, and the bets were two to one against him. Kentucky, however, came off victorious he won the race by six inches only. It is not doubted that Snow Ball was learned to *feign* lameness, for the purpose of exciting bets against him. The Kentuckians pocketed the stakes, and went off in high glee. Say no more of Yankee tricks—We were not in the habit of giving horse racing intelligence, but this trick from Kentucky is worthy of being hawked about in print by a Connecticut pedlar.

Lowell Journal.

From the U. S. Gazette, Oct. 22.

GREAT TOWN MEETING.

The town meeting held on Saturday afternoon, in the State House Yard, by the Anti-Jackson men, was one of the most numerous meetings ever held in Philadelphia. There were one third more persons present than had attended any previous meeting this year, in that place.

Josiah Randall, Esq. who was appointed presiding officer, opened the meeting with a reference to the objects for which it had been called and in a peculiarly forcible manner, pressed upon his fellow citizens the necessity of union of action. Notwithstanding that he was speaking in the open air to such an immense throng, his strong, rich voice was heard distinctly by every person present, and he sat down amid the warm greetings of the meeting.

David Paul Brown, Esq. rose to offer the meeting a set of resolutions—he prefaced them with a speech replete with keen satire, and brilliant flashes of wit, that drew towards him the undivided attention of the audience, and were answered with loud and frequent applause.

James Harper, Esq. member of Congress elect, followed Mr. Brown in a short speech, applauded for that exceeding pertinence and good sense, which characterise the addresses of that gentleman.

Horace Binney, Esq. then arose, his appearance in front of the stage was greeted with animated shouts of the vast multitude. Mr. B. held the delighted audience in almost breathless attention for nearly three quarters of an hour, in which he depicted the evils of the present administration of the general government, pointed out the remedies, and urged the citizens to unity of action, with a power of eloquence never surpassed in this city. Those who had listened for years to Mr. Binney at the bar, and had grown up in admiration of his talents and eloquence, confessed that they had not until this meeting been able to appreciate his power of language. We should have attempted a brief abstract of the speech, had we not been led to hope that we should be able to give the address entire to our readers to-morrow morning. It will be a treat of no ordinary kind.

A letter was then read from Ex-Governor Shulze, in which that gentleman confessed that he had twice voted for General Jackson, and should, if he had not been elected, probably have voted for him a third time; but he was now conscious that *General Jackson had done more evil and less good than any other man.*

After the adoption of the preamble and resolutions, the meeting adjourned.

It must have been a source of gratification and pride not merely to anti-Jackson men, but to every Philadelphian, that a meeting so numerous could assemble in the heart of the city, in such a time of excitement, transact party business, and adjourn with such perfect harmony; there was no noise, excepting the applause, and that attendant on the movement of so many persons—it is a matter of just pride to our city.

READ—READ.—Some good natured folks seem to think that the Cincinnati Gazette is not warranted by facts, in holding the language it does, of the unprincipled and corrupting character of the Post Office Department. I will state a case for their edification.

In the autumn of 1830, a contract for transporting the mail from Colesmouth to Gallipolis, was held by a Mr. Rogers, who transported it on horseback at 396 dollars per annum. Among the new proposals of that autumn, one was made by General George House, to carry the mail from Colesmouth to Gallipolis, by water in a steam boat, at 1000 dollars per annum; the steam boat to commence its trips on the 1st of April, 1831. This proposal was accepted by the department, and the route of Mr. Rogers discontinued. House never gave the bond required by law, nor did he ever carry the mail in a steam boat. But he transported it after a miserable fashion on horseback, and it is believed received 1000 dollars per year as contractor.

In the summer of 1831, contracts were again to be taken for carrying the mail on certain routes in Ohio, amongst others three times a week from Chillicothe to Gallipolis. General House proposed for this contract at 26,000 dollars per annum. Mr. A. L. Ross, of Warren county, Ohio, proposed for it at 11000 dollars, and received it. Gen. House was then at Washington. Mr. O. B. Brown, Assistant Post Master General, addressed a letter to Mr. Ross, requesting him to give up the contract, stating that it was thought most advisable to connect that route with the steamboat line from Colesmouth to Gallipolis. Mr. Ross felt the truth of the old adage—"INVITATIONS *from superiors savor strongly of* COMMANDS." He held other contracts, and gave up this, and it was given to Gen. House, upon his proposal at 26000, who now holds it at that price.

I state these facts with confidence, having received them from sources on which I place implicit reliance. They have much currency in the part of the state where they occurred. If they are not well founded, the Post office department cannot be too prompt in refuting them. If they are true, can any man doubt but that they furnish ground for impeachment.

Cincinnati Gaz.

From the Baltimore Chron. of yesterday.

OHIO.—In another column will be seen a list of the votes given for the anti-Jackson and Jackson candidates for Congress, by which it appears that the anti-Jackson aggregate majority is 5392, instead of four thousand and odd, as we stated yesterday. This result is truly inspiriting to the opponents of General Jackson, as it gives the assurance that the electoral vote of that state will be against him. We confess that we were somewhat cast down at the boasted victory of our opponents, but our hopes and expectations are revived in all their force, by this statement. It is true, that had Ohio gone for Jackson as was feared, we might still have succeeded in preventing the election of General Jackson, as Pennsylvania is, beyond question, hostile to him—but, with Ohio, the election of Mr. Clay is secure, if the electoral vote of the opposition be united upon him. At all events General Jackson cannot go into the house of representatives the highest candidate.

But, without indulging in speculations as to the final result, however flattering our prospects we have a duty to discharge at home which must be attended to. It may be, that the two votes of this district will determine the election; it is therefore incumbent on every one who desires to have the Constitution and laws of the country restored to their former respect and efficiency, to be active and diligent in the good cause, and to exert his utmost efforts to spread correct information before the People. The storm is evidently abating, and by proper exertion we may justly anticipate a day of sunshine, tranquility and happiness. Delirium is rapidly giving way to sober reflexion, and in proportion as it subsides, is the spirit of Jacksonism languishing and expiring. In six months from this time there will scarcely be a man of intelligence, who will not be ashamed to acknowledge that he holds an opinion in common with Gen. Jackson.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

Bath County, Kentucky, October 9th, 1832.

MESSRS. GALES & SEATON:

If the approaching Presidential Election is to depend upon the vote of Kentucky, I do not entertain *now* a rational doubt of the result. You have been informed of the electioneering tour of the President through this region of our State. The design was too palpable to be concealed. It is known that this Congressional District represented by the Hon. H. Daniel, one of the most leading, talented, and influential of the quandam supporters of Jackson heretofore in all elections, both State and federal, has given a most preponderating vote in his favor. Capt. Daniel's defection from his ranks was a blow which it was well known, nothwithstanding the inaction and want of concert among his opposers heretofore, would prostrate his hopes in this State. To parry that blow the General himself was summoned to the field. I witnessed the pageant of the first magistrate of this great and glorious land paraded from village to village—a spectacle, which I hope never again to behold. His friends now regret that they subjected the object of their adoration to such humiliation, without reaping any of the victories anticipated by the campaign. He has warmed up some of his friends, but he has still more animated the zeal of his adversaries. Our friends, and not his, required stimulation. He has left behind him an impression, very general among the moderate men of his party, that he is too old and too infirm to be re-elected.

The Hon. H. Daniel, yesterday, it being the first day of the fall court for this county, made a long and able address to a very large and respectable audience convened at the Court House. He touched upon nearly all the leading topics of the day. He contended that he had been true and steadfast to his principles, but that General Jackson had swerved from every essential party doctrine which had born him triumphant to his present station. He reminded his old friends that the grounds on which they had supported him and General Jackson, were that a President should serve but one term, and that retrenchment and reform should be the order of the day. He represented Martin Van Buren as one of the most consummate and unprincipled intriguers of the Union, and painted in strong colors the depravity of the Kitchen Cabinet at Washington. These, he said, were the counsellors and wire workers of a superannuated President. He stated "that from the information he had from a leading and distinguished Ex-Minister, he believed that Jackson was 74 years old; that his memory was good about the transactions of his youth, but he was now childish and forgetful.

I have given only a few of the topics on which he addressed the people with much power and effect. Some of his Jackson friends were highly excited by his facts and disclosures. They were the more chagrined that they could not upbraid him with an interested motive on abandoning Gen. Jackson. The purity and patriotism of his motives in running counter to his old friends who constituted a large majority of his district could not be impeached."

From the Washington Telegraph.

It is completely in the power of Mr. Clay's friends, by uniting in support of Mr. Wirt, to elect him by the people, without a single vote from Maine, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois, or Indiana. Will they do so, or will they assume the responsibility of re-electing Gen. Jackson? This is a question for them to decide; it belongs not to us to advise or to dictate. It is well known that, although we prefer Mr. Wirt to either Clay or Jackson, he is not *our* choice. Yet, we are by no means certain that is not a strong recommendation: he will come in, if he does come into the Presidency, unpledged. He is committed to none of the ultra parties. He has no warm partisans to put up, nor has he any bitter enemies to put down. He seems to present a rallying point, around which the various elements can unite without a sacrifice of personal feeling, or any of the great public interests upon which parties have divided. His election will put an end to the reign of Martin Van Buren, Amos Kendall, Wm. B. Lewis, and Company, and we humbly believe, will greatly contribute to allay that deep party excitement, which so unhappily threatens the very foundation of our institutions.

Will Mr. Clay and his friends unite in the support of Mr. Wirt? This, no doubt, depends upon their opinion of Mr. Clay's chances of success. No one can expect Mr. Clay's friends to relinquish the high prize, so long the object of their solicitude, while he has hopes of obtaining it. But the electoral elections take place early in November; the colleges meet in their respective States on the first Wednesday of December. There is full time for Mr. Clay and his friends to know the fate of the electoral vote before those colleges meet; and if he ascertains that he cannot be elected himself, and that the votes of his friends, if given to Mr. Wirt, will elect him, he cannot hesitate to advise them to do so.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

BUENOS AYRES.—We gave a brief account some time since of the imprisonment of the Rev. Wm. M. Torrey, in Buenos Ayres, in consequence of his having violated a fundamental law, which prohibits the marriage ceremony from being performed by any other than catholic priests, between catholics and those who do not belong to that church. Mr. Torrey was fined $1000 by the Ecclesiastical Court; and it seemed plain from the statement, that, by a little concession, and by admitting the jurisdiction, and promising not to violate the laws again, he might have been liberated, and the fine would have been remitted. He saw fit, however, conscientiously no doubt, to pursue a different course, and remained incarcerated. The civil tribunal also acted upon the matter, and imposed a sentence of perpetual banishment on all the parties concerned in the affair of the marriage, with the exception of the bride and her mother, who were sentenced to imprisonment in the House of Correction, to be employed in devotional exercises, the former for one year, the latter for two. An appeal was taken to a superior tribunal, but no doubt was entertained that the decision would be confirmed.—The English, French and American ministers were severally petitioned by their countrymen, resident at Buenos Ayres, to interfere in this business. The memorial of the American citizens to the Hon. F. Baylies, is published in the Journal of Commerce of this morning. The highly respectable memorialists do not deny the right of the Buenosayrean Republic to pass the law under which Mr. Torrey suffers; but represent that for the last six years the celebration of such marriages has been common, and the legality of them not questioned. They also state that the proceedings were illegal, because, according to the law, the father ought to have been the actor in the prosecution, instead of the government.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Evening, Oct. 27.

National Republican NOMINATION.

FOR PRESIDENT,
HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN SERGEANT, of Pennsylvania

ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT, FOR THE 4th DISTRICT OF MD.
Albert Constable of Harford,
Robert H Goldsborough of Talbot,
John N. Steele of Dorchester.

The Presidential Election draws near.—It is suggested, that the Anti-Jackson Committees in each county should take care, in time, to have their tickets all prepared, and distributed in the several Election Districts in each county, by the day of Election. THE FRIENDS OF THE CONSTITUTION AND OF THE PEOPLE, are every where invited to turn out to a man, and shew themselves opposed to Van Buren Jacksonism, Corruption, Disorganization and Anarchy.

Van Buren, the Office holders and Office hunters and Contractors—against the People, the Constitution and Public Liberty!

Fellow Citizens, which shall triumph?

At a large public meeting, some days ago, at Easton, it was stated by Mr. Goldsborough, in his address to the people, that this was not truly and intrinsically a contest between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Clay as two favourite Candidates, both brought out by the People themselves—it was a very different matter and one of a novel and alarming character—they who were well acquainted with the history of events as they had occurred of late would easily see, said Mr. Goldsborough, that this contest as to the election of a Chief Magistrate of the Country was a "*struggle between Mr. Van Buren and the Office holders and Office-seekers and Contractors of the country, making use of Gen. Jackson, on the one part—against the People, the Union, and the Constitution of the United States on the other.*"

We do not believe there ever was a more correct statement of things than this. If Gen. Jackson had been left to himself, there can be no doubt, conscious as he was of his own want of capacity to fill the Presidential Chair, he never would have permitted himself to have been run for a second term, as every thing that he seems to have done, was done under the contrived dictation of others—and every thing that he seems to have written and bears his signature, was written for him by others. It is notorious that when Gen. Jackson was appointed a Judge in the Western Country formerly, he resigned the station, declaring, "that he felt himself incompetent to fill it"—and Judge Brackenridge, his friend, bears witness, that when Gen. Jackson first heard of his being talked of as President of the United States, he laughed at it himself, and said, in his characteristic phrase, "he was not going to let them make a ——— fool of him, when he knew he was not fit for the station."

What dispassionate and intelligent man in this Country does not know, that Gen. Jackson came into office under the declaration, made by himself, that no man ought to serve more than one Presidential term—and under that of his friends, that Gen. Jackson would not serve more than one term? And who does not know that Mr. Van Buren, aspiring to the Presidential Chair, was the cause of making Gen. Jackson stand a second term to serve his (Mr. Van Buren's) own schemes—having produced hatred between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Calhoun—and thereby estranged all Jackson's friends from Mr. Calhoun—believing that nothing but Gen. Jackson's popularity could withstand Mr. Clay's growing favour with the People, Mr. Van Buren saw no other chance than to get the General up for another term, and to enlist every office-holder, office-hunter, and contractor in the Country, in his behalf—letting them know, that this was the only salvation of themselves in Office and Contract—and that he that did not put his shoulder to the wheel and go through, might certainly expect to loose his Office or Contract. Hence it is, that no Officer or Contractor in this Country dare now to express an opinion against Gen. Jackson or Mr. Van Buren—no officer or contractor dare now to come out in behalf even of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Barbour—or to express himself favourably to Mr. Calhoun—or even to doubt Mr. Van Buren—if he does, he looses his office as soon as known. Yes, it is held a greater crime to doubt Mr. Van Buren than to abuse Gen. Jackson—thus General Jackson is only made use of to serve the purpose of Mr. Van Buren, the office-holders, office-hunters and contractors.

The Executive Counsel of Maryland will meet at Annapolis on the 29th inst.

C. W. HANSON, Esq. has resigned the office of Associate Judge of the 5th Judicial District.

The President of the United States arrived at Washington on Friday the 19th inst.

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